

Orangeburg Times.

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No. 13

THE ORANGEBURG TIMES

Is published every
THURSDAY,

AT
ORANGEBURG, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA.

ORANGEBURG TIMES COMPANY.

Kirk Robinson, Agt.

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SPACE.	1 In-	12 In-	24 In-	48 In-
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\$2 a year, in advance—\$1 for six months.
JOB PRINTING in its all departments
neatly executed. Give us a call.

D. R. JAMISON, ATTORNEY AT LAW

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF OR-

ANGEBURG AND BARNWELL.

Office in Court House Square. Feb. 20, 1873.

COWLAM GRAVELEY.

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS
AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLE-

MENTS.

No. 62, East Bay, South of the old Post

Office, Charleston, S. C.

AGENT for the sale of the Magnolia Cotton
Gin. At the Fair held at Savannah, Ga.
last month, the "Magnolia" cotton gin
150lbs seed cotton in three minutes and forty-
five seconds, taking the premium, and also the
prize of one hundred dollars offered by the
Board of Trade for the best gin. Several
have been sold this season which gin a bale an
hour. The same gin also took the premium at
the Cotton States Fair at Augusta, last October.
Feb. 13, 1873.

W. J. DeTreville, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office at Court House Square,
Orangeburg, S. C.

mech 13-1yr

FERNER & DANTZLER, DENTISTS

Orangeburg, S. C.

Office over McMaster's Brick Store.

F. FERNER. P. A. DANTZLER, D. D. S.

ch 12-3m

Kirk Robinson

DEALER IN

Books, Music and Stationery, and Fancy

Articles.

AT THE ENGINE HOUSE,

ORANGEBURG, C. H., S. C.

mech 6-

IZLAR & DIBBLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

RUSSELL STREET,

Orangeburg, S. C.

AS. F. IZLAR, S. DIBBLE.

mech 6-1yr

DR. T. BERWICK LEGARE.

DENTAL SURGEON,

Graduate, Baltimore College Dental

Surgery.

Office, Market street, Over Store of J. A. Hamilton

Feb. 13, 1873.

THE HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE,

IS

BEST, Because it is perfect in its work

Because it has the endorsement of so

many ladies who use it; because it is simple,

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

SOUTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 19, 1872.

On and after SUNDAY, May 19, the

passenger trains on the South Carolina

Railroad will run as follows:

FOR AUGUSTA.

Leave Charleston 9:30 a.m.

Arrive at Augusta 6:20 p.m.

FOR COLUMBIA.

Leave Charleston 9:30 a.m.

Arrive at Columbia 5:20 p.m.

FOR CHARLESTON.

Leave Augusta 9:00 a.m.

Arrive at Charleston 4:45 p.m.

Leave Columbia 9:00 a.m.

Arrive at Charleston 4:45 p.m.

AUGUSTA NIGHT EXPRESS.

(Sundays excepted.)

Leave Charleston 8:30 p.m.

Arrive at Augusta 7:35 a.m.

Leave Augusta 6:15 p.m.

Arrive at Charleston 5:50 a.m.

COLUMBIA NIGHT EXPRESS.

(Sundays excepted.)

Leave Charleston 7:30 p.m.

Arrive at Columbia 6:30 a.m.

Leave Columbia 7:30 p.m.

Arrive at Charleston 6:45 a.m.

SUMMERVILLE TRAIN.

Leave Summerville 7:25 a.m.

Arrive at Charleston 8:40 a.m.

Leave Charleston 3:35 p.m.

Arrive at Summerville at 4:50 p.m.

CAMDEN BRANCH.

Leave Camden 7:20 a.m.

Arrive at Columbia 11:55 a.m.

Leave Columbia 2:10 p.m.

Arrive at Camden 6:55 p.m.

Day and Night Trains connect at Au-

gusta with Macon and Augusta Railroad

and Georgia Railroads. This is the

quickest and most direct route, and as

comfortable and cheap as any other route

to Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, St.

Louis and all other points West and

Northwest.

Columbia Night Trains connect with

Greenville and Columbia Railroad, and

Day and Night Trains connect with Char-

lotte Road.

Through Tickets on sale, via this route

to all points North.

Camden Train connects at Kingville

daily (except Sundays) with Day Passen-

ger Train, and runs through to Columbia

A. I. TYLER, Vice-President.

S. B. Pickens General Ticket Agent.

Sep 27.

Geo. S. Hacker

Doors Sash, Blind

Factory

CHARLESTON.

THIS IS AS LARGE AND COMPLETE,

a factory as there is in the South. All work

manufactured at the Factory in this city. The

only house owned and managed by a Carolin-

ian in this city. Send for price list. Address

GEO. S. HACKER,

Postoffice Box 170, Charleston, S. C.

Factory and Warehouses on King street oppo-

site Cannon street, on line of City Railway,

Oct. 30

1y

TO PLANTERS!

MOLASSES, AND

DRY SALT SIDES at

LOWEST PRICES,

ALSO,

Another supply of that Cheap Tobacco,

For sale by

JOHN A. HAMILTON,

Market Street.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Loan and Trust Company

CHARLESTON, S. C.

OFFICE, No. 17 BROAD STREET.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

The deposits in the savings Department of

this Company are invested as a Special Trust,

and, therefore are not subject to the hazards of

banking.

In addition to this special security, deposi-

tors have the guarantee of the entire Bank Cap-

ital, which amounts to three hundred thousand

dollars (\$300,000.)

This department will enable all classes to

find a safe security for their savings, however

small; and at the same time bearing a remuner-

able interest (six per cent. compounded

quarterly). Currency can be remitted by Ex-

press, and drafts by mail.

F. A. MITCHELL, Cashier.

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April 23, 1873.

3m

POETRY.

ODE.

BY DR. J. DICKSON BRUNS.

He'd be the clamor of the mart;

Stilled as when stricken peoples pray;

For through a fallen nations heart

We bring our hopes and our day.

Let all her sons a Sabbath keep

In their proud city by the Sea,

And come, wherever loves to seek

The broken lance of Chivalry.

Come Honor with the dented shield,

And Valor with the silvered plume;

And from the sod where Faith hath knelt,

Rise Justice from her trampled grave!

And come, O dove-eyed Peace! who long

'From this our desolate land, hath strayed,

And let us dream that Hate and Wrong

With these our brothers' bones are laid!

Twine Amaranth for the noble dead,

Nor be the victor-leaves forgot,

And, while the parting prayer is said,

Strew Heart's Ease and Forget-me-not.

For these no sculptured shaft shall rise.

Nor storied urn emblazon them;

But sobbing waves and wailing skies

Will sound their fitting requiem.

And, year by year, a form unseen

Shall deck the turf we heap to-day,

To keep their feeble memories green,

Who fell in vain, for liberty.

So guard, O God! this sacred dust,

Which we with prayers and tears would bless,

And be Thou still the Widow's trust,

And Father of the Fatherless.

MY MIDNIGHT PERIL.

The night of the seventeenth of Octo-

ber—shall I ever forget its pitchy dark-

ness, the roar of the autumnal wind

through the lonely forest, and the inces-

sant downpour of the rain!

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered

petulantly to myself, as I plodded along,

keeping close to the trunk of the trees to

avoid the deep ravine, through which I

could hear the roar of the turbulent

stream forty to fifty feet below. My

blood ran cold, as I thought what might

be the possible consequences of a misstep

or move in the wrong direction. Why

had I not been contented to keep in the

right road?

Hold on! Was that a light, or are my

eyes playing me false?

I stopped, holding on to the low, resi-

nous boughs of hemlock that grew on the

edge of the bank; for it actually seemed

as if the wind would seize me bodily and

hurl me down the precipitous descent.

It was a light—thank Providence—it

was a light, and no ignis fatuus to lure

me on to destruction and death.

"Halloo-o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like

a clarion. I plunged onward through

the tangled vines, dense briars and rocky

banks, until, gradually nearing, I could

perceive a figure wrapped in an oil-cloth

cape, or cloak, carrying a lantern. As

the dim light fell upon his face, I almost

recoiled. Would not solitude in the

woods be preferable to the companionship

of this withered, wrinkled, old man? But

it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanting?" he snarled, with a

peculiar motion of the lips that seemed

to leave his yellow teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can you di-

rect me to R—Station?"

"Yes; R—station is twelve miles

from here."

"Twelve miles!"

I stood aghast.

"Yes."

"Can you tell me of any shelter I could

obtain for the night?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"To Drew's, down by the maple

swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they take me for the night?

I could pay them well?"

His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps

stood revealed once more.

"I guess so; folks do stop there."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very; about half a mile."

"Then let us make haste and reach it,

I am drenched to the skin."

We plodded on, my companion more

than keeping pace with me. Presently

we left the edge of the ravine, entering

what seemed like trackless woods, and

keeping straight on until the lights gleam-

ed fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place, with the

windows all drawn to one side, as if the

foundation had settled, and the pillars of

a rude porch nearly rotted away.

A woman answered my fellow travel-

ers knock. My companion whispered

a word or two to her, and she turned to

me with smooth, voluble words of wel-

come.

She regretted the poverty of their ac-

commodations; but I was welcome to